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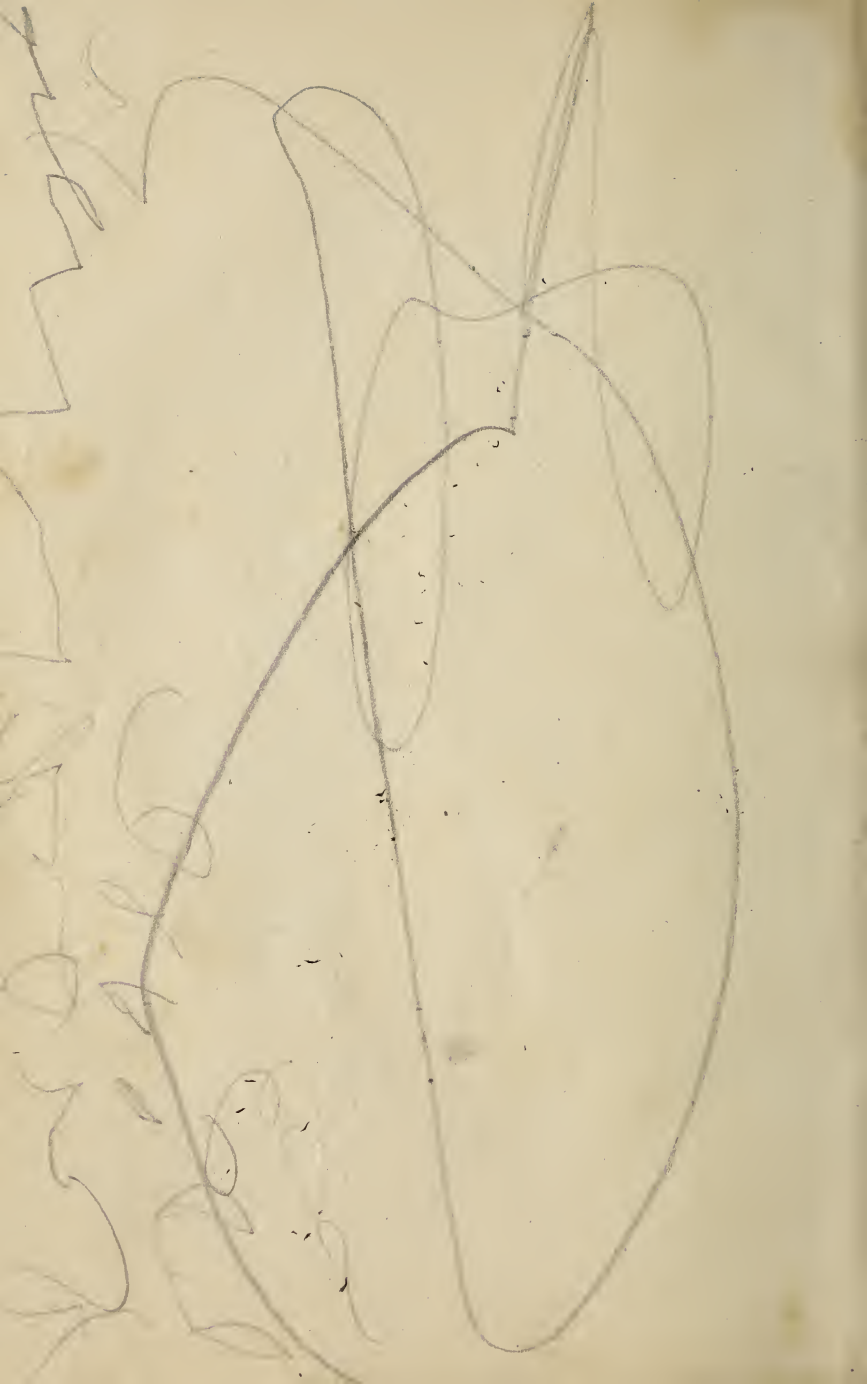
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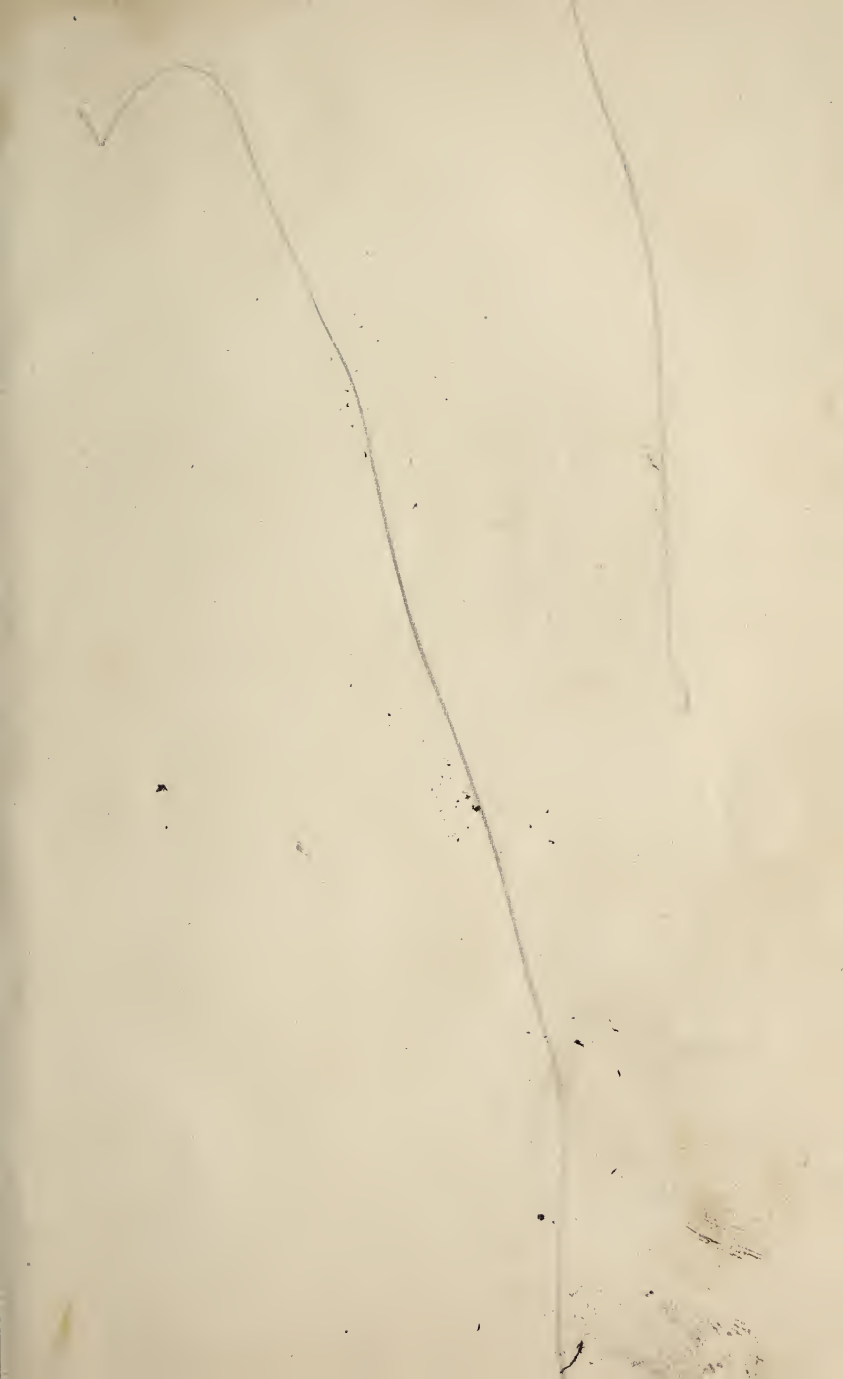
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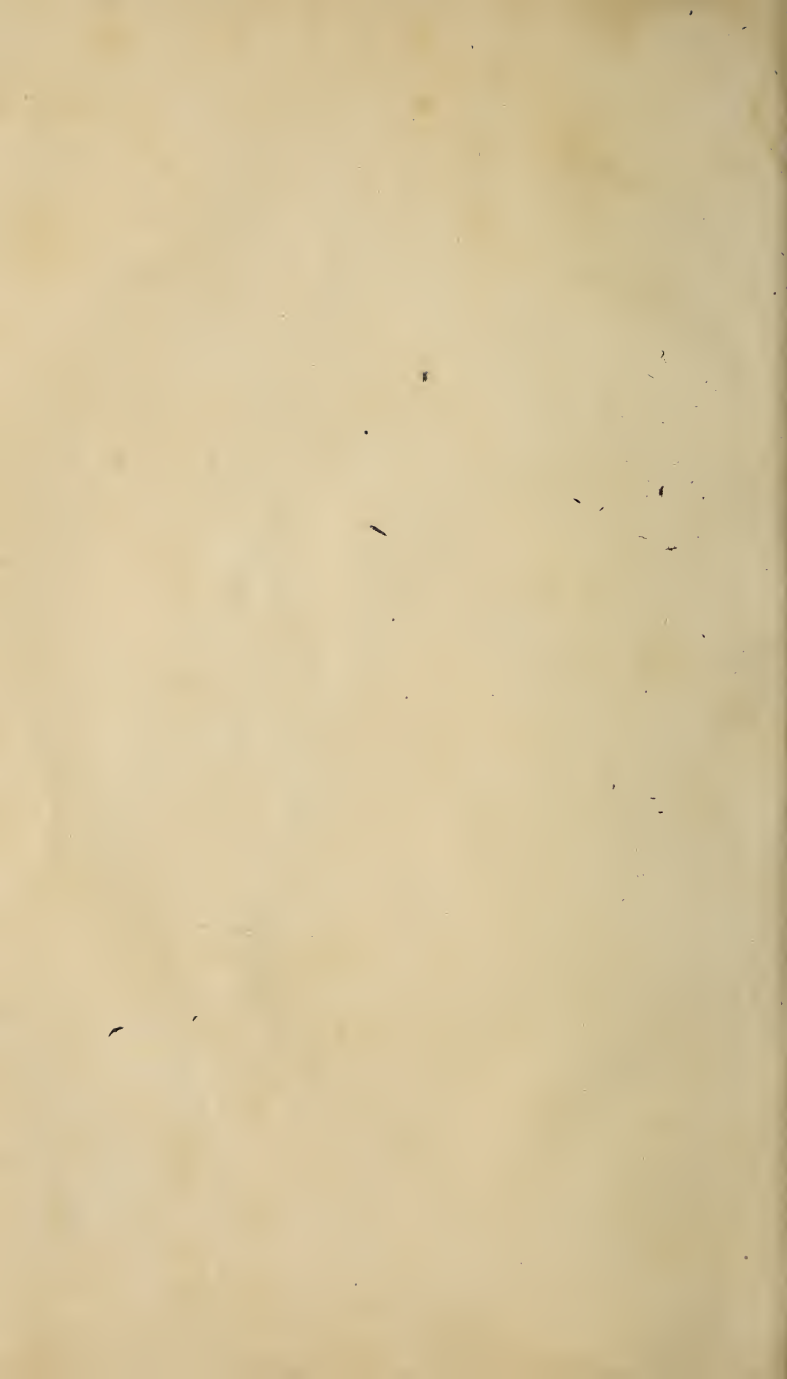
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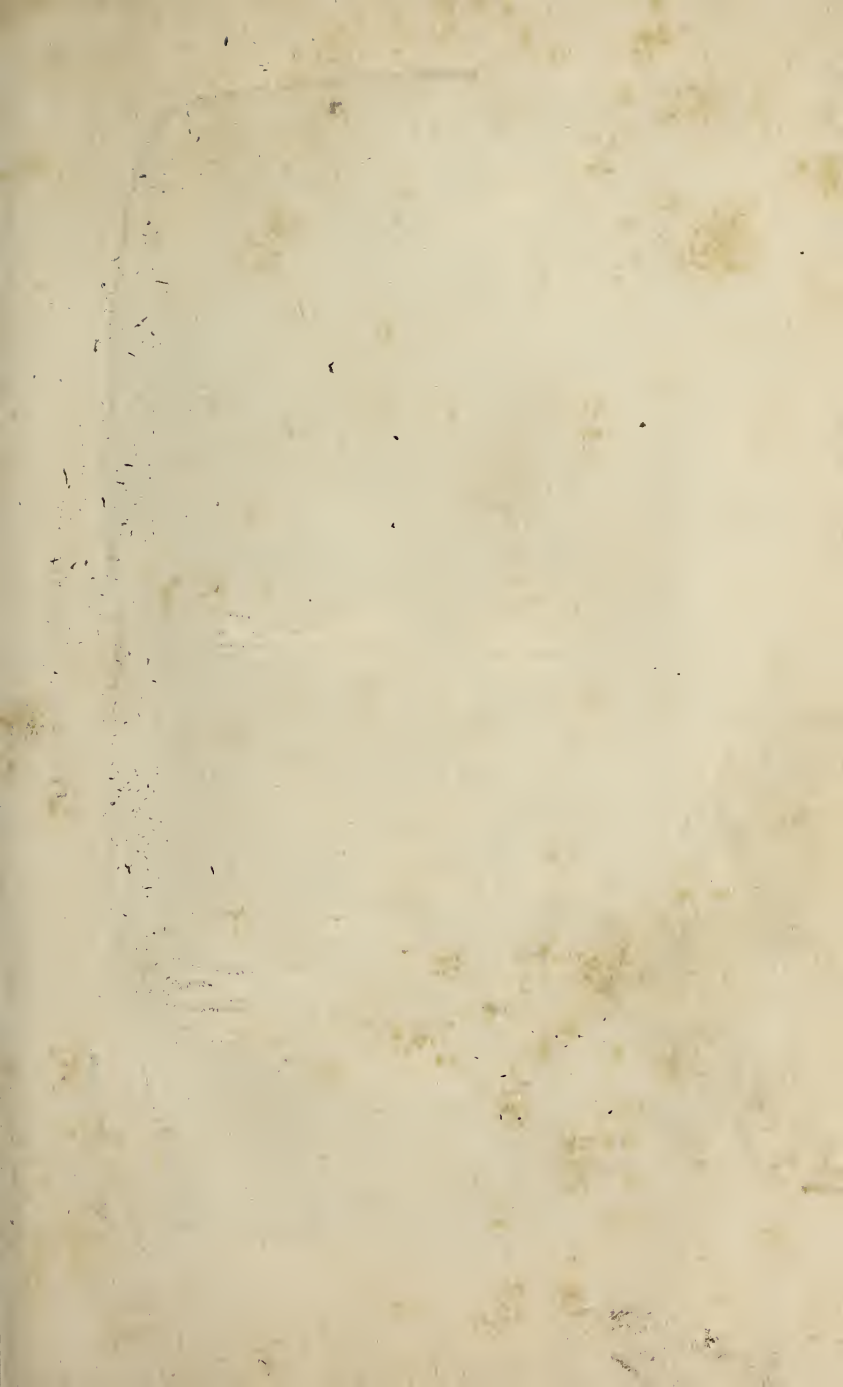
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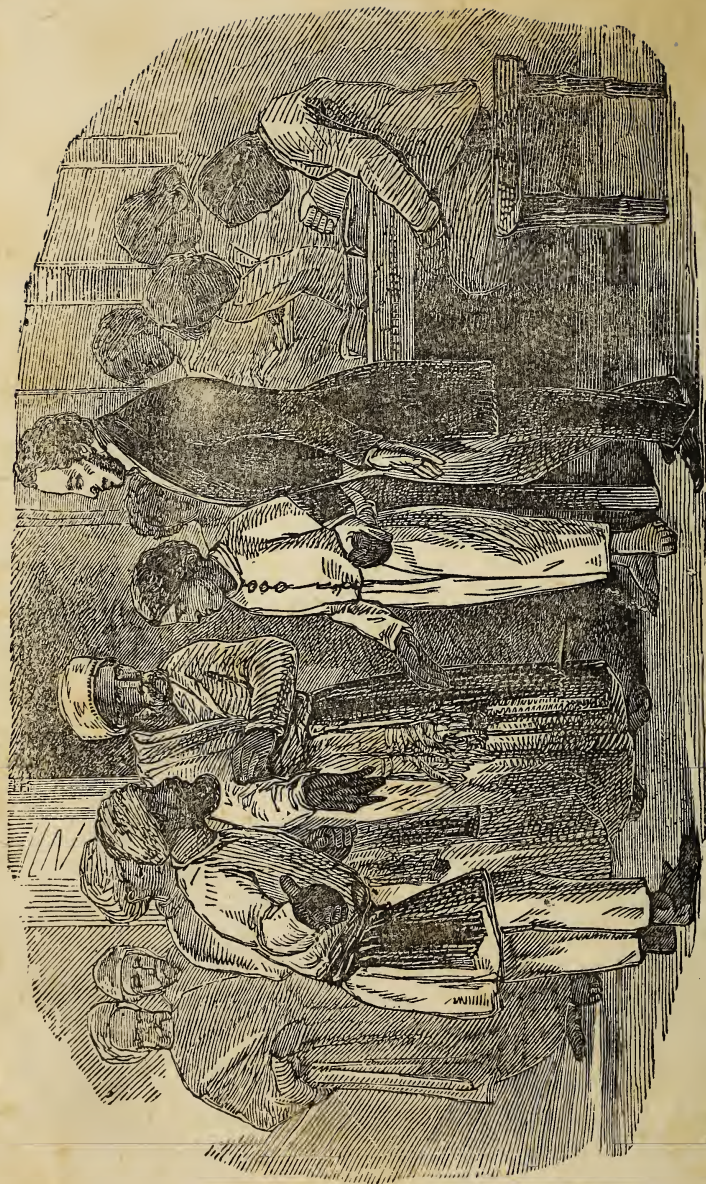
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Missionary Converts.

MISSIONARY CONVERTS



HEATHEN LANDS.

BY UNCLE JOSEPHUS.



Philadelphia :

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

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# MISSIONARY CONVERTS.



## BOYS.

DENONATH BOSE.

At Intally, in the East Indies, is a school for the instruction of Hindoo youth, called the "*Christian Institution.*" Here, in connection with various branches of general knowledge, scriptural instruction is constantly and faithfully imparted, and the children are now becoming delightfully free from prejudice, and more disposed to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. The pleasing narrative here introduced to young Christians in the United States, will show how much labor and anxiety the missionary has to undergo to win a soul to Christ, and how much more converts in that land have to contend with, and to sacrifice, than young people generally have at home.

Among the pupils of this school at Intally is one named Denonath Bose. He is by *caste* a Kaist, which is next in dignity to the Brahmins. His father is a shopkeeper, a common employment of this kind of Hindoos. Being related to one of the native preachers of Intally, and having received from him the promise of some pecuniary assistance, the father settled in that place a few years ago. He took with him his eldest son, at that time a lad of eleven or twelve years of age, who soon after entered the school. At that time he knew nothing of Christianity, and was not remarkable for any thing except that he had quickness and intelligence, and was very diligent in his studies. During the second year, when he began to understand something of Bible truth, he showed some forwardness in disputing with his teacher against it; which is not to be wondered at, for his parents and relatives were zealous adherents to all the superstitious practices of Hindooism; he had, therefore, both instruction and example to encourage him in it, and was probably as zealous for the system as any boy can be supposed to be at his age. At this time he

often accompanied his parents to the idol temples to offer sacrifices.

Knowing the character of the school, his father kept a jealous eye upon his son, lest he should receive the Christian doctrine taught there, and often warned him to be on his guard against it; and some time after, having his fears awakened in consequence of the lad beginning to visit his Christian uncle more frequently than usual, he sent him away into the country to their family home for several months. As he wanted him, however, in his shop, he was obliged to recall him; and because his education was now entirely in abeyance, on his return he sent him again to school, with the special charge to his Christian relative, that he would do nothing to make his son a Christian.

It may be asked, why, having these fears, did he send his son to this school again? The answer is that there was no other English school near, and that the desire of the Hindoo population for their children to learn the English language is so great, that they will run all risks that it may be acquired. They are, moreover, great fatalists, and therefore

argue something like this:—If my son is to be a Christian, he will be so, even if I keep him at home; and if he is not to be one, he will not be, whatever pains the Sahibs [Englishmen] may take to make him one." Nevertheless, they do not abate their warnings and cautions to their children on going to school.

On the return of Denonath to school, he was soon advanced into one of the classes that daily read the Scriptures. It was the teacher's practice to explain at length the portion read, and it was found that an hour spent in this way was very profitable to the scholars. From this period the youth began to feel some interest in the truths of revelation, and as the result, his knowledge of them rapidly increased. He soon after began to relax his attention to the rules of caste, and would go to his uncle's house, and, when he was hungry, secretly eat rice.

Happily the time was now approaching when the truths of the Gospel were to make a yet deeper impression on his mind than heretofore. At the close of March or the beginning of April, 1849, occurred the celebration of the Churruck, or the Swinging festival.



the most disgusting to a sensible and feeling mind of all the Hindoo festivals. On this occasion devotees, under the influence of opium and other drugs, proceed to the shrine of the goddess Kalee, where they pierce their bodies with iron rods in several places, and with hair clotted with mud, and their faces and bodies besmeared with ashes, they perambulate the streets of the city, dancing and making all kinds of gestures, like madmen, accompanied with large crowds of people, and bands of horrid music—a sight indeed more fit for the infernal world, than for the abodes of rational and moral beings.

Although Denonath had often witnessed these scenes before, it was not till now that his mind turned from them with pain and disgust. The conviction now came home to him that these atrocities could form no part of true religion, as he had heretofore been taught to believe. He now felt that they must have originated with wicked men or evil spirits. He felt ashamed, too, that he had ever taken any delight in them, and pitied his countrymen, who now appeared to him to be the subjects of sad delusion. After a while, these

thoughts and feelings were followed by the remembrance of the divine truths which he had been taught at school, and he began to feel that the God of the Bible was the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ his Son, and our only Saviour. He felt now his own sinfulness, and particularly his danger of perishing eternally, if he remained an idolater; and the desire to become a Christian took full possession of his heart.

Impelled by these feelings, for the first time he knelt down in his little chamber, alone in the middle of the night, and prayed earnestly to Him who had now, by his Spirit, revealed himself to his heart, and whose favor he now felt to be of more value than life itself. His Bible now also became the companion of his leisure moments, as often as he could evade the notice of his father, whose fears on his account were not at all abated. He now wished to attend public Christian worship; but after doing so once or twice, his father strictly prohibited him from going again; for the apprehensions of the father were increased by observing the conduct of his son towards some Brahmins, who came one day into the

shop. These people are always saluted by zealous Hindoos on meeting them with folded hands, and the word "prunam," an act of worship. The father offered it as usual, but his son remained motionless and silent. The father rebuked him, and desired him to honor the Brahmins. Denonath replied, "I cannot do so any more, they are but men, and we may not worship any, but God only." At this reply his father expressed great anger, but did nothing more at that time; but from this period Denonath altogether ceased to worship Brahmins, an act of great decision for so young a Hindoo.

About this time the change in his character came under the notice of the Missionary. A marriage was being solemnized in the church, and this youth was one of the spectators. When it was over, the Missionary and he left the place together. Pleased at seeing him, the man of God laid his hand upon the head of the youth, and said, with a smile, "Well, Denonath, when you are married, will it be after the Hindoo or the Christian fashion?" "After the Christian, sir," said he. "Indeed," replied the Missionary, with some appa-

rent surprise, "I hope it may be so." About a week after this, he went to the missionary, and said, in great agitation, "Sir, I have a great desire to be a Christian, and therefore I wish to be allowed to come to you for instruction half an hour every day before the school closes. I am so closely watched by my father, that I can come to you only in school hours." "But why do you wish to be a Christian?" "Oh, I feel that I am a great sinner, and that none but the Lord Jesus Christ can save me; and if I do not believe in him I must perish."

Subsequent conversations with him convinced the missionary that the youth was in earnest; he therefore complied with his request, and Denonath from this time went daily for instruction, and every day's intercourse increased the missionary's interest in him. That instruction greatly strengthened his desire to unite with the Christians, but his being so young, and the short period of their religious acquaintanceship led the missionary to discourage his leaving his father's residence.

It seemed, however, desirable that he should, if possible, attend Christian worship, at least



occasionally. He therefore did so, but on going home his father peremptorily forbade his going any more ; and some neighbors who were present at the time, threatened to beat him for having gone. He was, moreover, told that if he did not give up all intercourse with Christians, he should be sent into the country, and committed to the custody of his relations there. He abstained therefore, for a time, from attending the church. The boys of the school went to the missionary's house to worship on Saturday mornings, and he went with them as usual. His father found out this also, and prohibited him from going again. Matters were now reaching a crisis, and he felt very uneasy. On the following Friday he enquired of the missionary what he should do on the morrow ; whether he should attend worship with the school or abstain. The missionary advised him seriously and calmly to ask his father's permission to go to the Saturday morning worship. He did so three several times, but the father held down his head and made no reply. Denonath then took up his book, went to school, and afterwards to worship.

On the Monday following he went to the missionary, and said, with much feeling, "It is quite plain now that I cannot serve Christ while I remain among Hindoos, and moreover, my father will, without doubt, send me very shortly into the country; do therefore give your permission for me to live among the Christians at once." The case was a very difficult one. He was not of age according to the Hindoo law; if he went, therefore, to the mission-house, he might be taken from it. Moreover, it became a question, was it consistent with the duties which children owe their parents, that the missionary should thus encourage him? As to the first, in several recent cases, the Judges of the Supreme Court had set aside Hindoo law altogether, and decided the case as one of conscience, and by the evidence afforded from a long interrogation, of the capacity of the youths to understand the comparative merits of the Hindoo and Christian systems; in respect to the second, the father was going beyond his authority in preventing his son from following Christ, seeing he was fully capable of understanding the Gospel, and did, so far as the

missionary could judge, deeply feel its claims, as asserted in Matthew xix. 29, and other similar passages, which indeed were pointed out by Denonath, as showing his duty. The missionary gave his permission, and two days afterwards, on the closing of the school for the day, the youth presented himself, saying, "I am now come, sir, to remain with you."

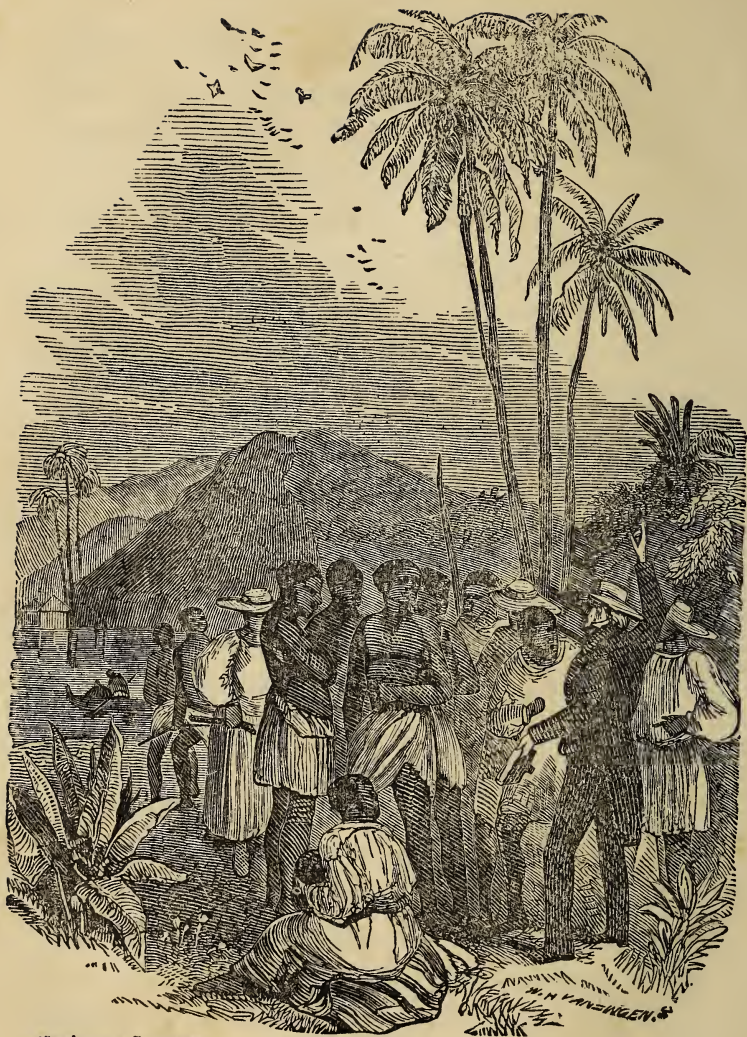
On the following morning early, the father, attended by a crowd of people, appeared at the gate of the mission house and cried bitterly for admission. The missionary directed the gate keeper to admit the father, but not the crowd. On entering in, he wept bitterly, and said to the missionary, "Oh, sir, give me my son." He was told that he should see his son, and some one was sent to call him. The poor boy came trembling into the room, and on seeing him the weeping father said, "Oh, Denonath, why have you left me? Come home again." The youth said, "I have not forsaken you, but I wish to serve the true God, which you will not let me do at home. If I remain an idolater I shall perish. Do you, father, come with me, and then we both shall be happy." "Go with you," angrily

said the father, "will you support me and the family?" "No," said the lad, "I cannot support you, but God will." "God will," said the father with a sneer. "Will you go back with me or not?" "No," replied the lad, "I cannot go back to Hindooism again." The father then left in much anger.

About nine o'clock he went again, taking with him several Brahmins, under pretence of reasoning with the lad, but in reality with the design of carrying him away by force. The missionary saw their intention, and permitted them to see him in the house only. After upbraiding him very roughly, one of them sneeringly asked him, "Why how old is this new-fangled religion?" "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years," said the youth. "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years! how is that? Why how long have the English possessed this country?" "Not quite one hundred years," said Denonath. "And how long have there been Christians here?" "Ever since the first Hindoo believed the Gospel." Seeing that they could make no impression on him by argument, they began to consult what to do. On this the lad said, "It is no use your







Missionary Converts.

attempting to bring me back. I tell you plainly *I am a Christian*, and will never turn to you again." Some one took hold of his hand to drag him out; but not being permitted to do that, they left in a great rage, and gave him up as lost. In the course of the day it was reported that they were about to apply to the magistrate, but it came to nothing; and the father subsequently made several feeble attempts to reclaim his son, but in vain.

Two or three months afterwards, the missionary baptized him in the name of the Lord Jesus, and adds, "Could you see him, you would love him."



## A BOY IN AFRICA.

THE late Rev. James Read, a missionary in South Africa, when writing to the Directors of the society by which he was sustained, gives a very pleasing account of a conversation he had then recently held with a poor boy, whose heart had been impressed by the

grace of God. He asked the boy if he knew himself to be a sinner; and the boy asked him in return, if he knew any one who was not. The missionary then asked who could save him. The reply was "Christ." He was asked what Christ had done to save sinners. He replied that he died upon the cross. Mr. Read enquired if he believed that Jesus Christ would save him. He said "Yes." "Why do you believe it?" His reply was, "Because I *feel* it; and not only so, but I consider that after he died, and has sent his servants, the missionaries, from such a far country to publish salvation, it would be very strange if, after that, he should reject a sinner."



#### THE LITTLE BOY TANI.

Miss Orsmond, the daughter of an excellent missionary at Tahiti, one of the South Sea Islands, has written the following very interesting account:—

"May I beg of you to bear with me, while I tell you of a dear little boy called Tani.

His regular attendance, good behaviour, encouraging progress, and quiet, unassuming demeanor attracted the attention of many. Several little reward books and other things had been given him to encourage his industry, such as a New Testament, which he highly prized, and "*The History of the Wanderings of the Children of Israel through the Wilderness.*" He used to sit up almost all night to read. He read the Scriptures every day, and when his eyes became so dim that he could not read, he begged some of his schoolfellows to come and read to him. It was truly affecting to see several poor, half-clothed boys reading verse and verse about for the edification of their schoolfellow, who, though he could no longer go to school, would weep for joy to hear the word of God read. He was only eight years old when dysentery seized him; yet, till entirely unable to walk, nothing could induce him to be absent from school. When quite unable to walk, when hearing the school bell ring morning and evening, he would cry and sob exceedingly. His mother, who was less concerned for her soul than he was, would say to him, "Why do you cry?" "Because,"



he would answer, "I wish to go to school, as there I can learn the word of God." "But why do you wish to learn the word of God?" "Because without it my soul cannot live." "Do you think your soul will live, if you believe in Christ?" "Yes." "Who taught you these things?" "My teacher; who was going to teach me many other things, had not God called me away." "What other things did you hear there?" "There I was told how Jesus died; and there we read, prayed, and sang together." On seeing the children returning home from school, he would weep very much, and ask if school was over. When told it was, he would call in some of those who were returning, to come and tell him all they had learned. He sometimes said, "Oh! that I had committed more to memory. Oh! that I could go to school too." After their departure, he would take his New Testament, and press it to his bosom, and read and weep again; and then would dry up his tears, and repeat the prayers used at the school. Placing his History of the Jews, and his New Testament on his bosom, he used to say, "These are my choice pearls." His schoolfellows

would sometimes stand by his bedside, and he would exhort them with tears. "Oh! do behave well. Do be kind to our teacher. Try to learn. I am going down to death, but I think of Christ who is my life, my all. Oh! how I wish I could go to school again!" To his mother he said, "Mother, do not cry for me; I am ready to die. Cry on account of your own sins. Pray, all of you, to God for yourselves. Oh! how glad I am that ever I went to school! There I learnt to read, and *now*, on my bed, reading is my comfort."

His death was very affecting to us all. My dear father tried to improve the sad event in a sermon. The children do not now, as they used to do, run away from us, but they sit affectionately by our side, or climb on our knees.

Are not these children better than some in America?

## A BOY DELIVERED FROM THE KHUNDS.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutton, a Baptist missionary in the East, not very long since, gave a very interesting account of different classes of persons in that vast country, and among the rest, he spoke of the Khunds, among whom human sacrifices are prevalent. These unhappy idolaters buy up children, fatten them for the purpose, and then offer them to their idols, stabbing and hacking their flesh to pieces with their knives, as an offering to the goddess of earth, whom they think thus to propitiate so as to communicate a red tint to the grain they raise in their fields. It sometimes happens that the missionaries rescue some of these children from this affecting death, and train them in the knowledge of Christianity and the useful arts.

Among these intended victims thus rescued from the hands of the Khunds, was an awkward, ungainly looking lad, who was called David. Great pains were taken with him, but he was so stupid that all attempts to cultivate his faculties seemed hopeless, and at last they devoted him to the menial task of

sweeping out the premises at the mission house. At this time the mission school was very full, and many of these young natives were converted. All at once a ray of intelligence seemed to break upon the mind of poor David, like a light from heaven, (and who shall say that it was not a light from heaven?) He seemed suddenly possessed of new born faculties; and one might almost have been permitted to say of him, "All were astonished at his understanding and his answers." He applied himself so diligently, and profited so much by the instruction afforded him, that he was baptized and received into the church. Soon after they put him into the printing office, and such rapid advances did he make, that they made him a compositor.

But whilst he was thus engaged, and interesting and astonishing all by his sudden proficiency, there appeared upon his skin numerous white spots, which are the first indications of leprosy, a very common and a very fatal disease in India. The missionaries sent him to the hospital, and all possible care was taken of him; but each of the white spots soon became a putrid ulcer, and his limbs

were eaten away. All which could be done was to smooth his passage to the grave. Nothing could arrest the progress of his malady, or save his life; and the physician directed that he should be kept by himself; as contact with others might communicate to them the infection, and a tent was provided for him. From this tent he would creep at service time to the door of the meeting room, and join the service. One day Dr. Sutton went with his wife to pay him a visit. He was stretched on his mat, apparently absorbed in some deep reverie on a passage he had been reading. His New Testament was close to his side. The hymn book was in his hand, "and we saw," says Dr. S., "that his attention had been rivetted to this passage:—

"Of all that decks the field or bower,  
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower;  
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me  
In thy kind heart forgotten be.  
Day after day youth's joys decay,  
Death waits to seize his trembling prey;  
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me,  
In thy kind heart forgotten be."

When we left his tent my wife said to me,



with great emphasis and emotion, 'There lies an heir of glory, for, though like Lazarus, he be full of sores, like Lazarus too he is rich in assured hope.' I could not but concur in the parallel. Shortly after I determined to pay him another visit. I found every thing as I had left it. The door of the tent was still open. There was the New Testament,--there was the hymn-book, still at his side on the mat on which he was stretched. But his spirit had already flown to rest in the bosom of his Saviour.

Here was a proof how the communication of the word of God could wonderfully raise the soul of a poor lad to the contemplation of the true Redeemer.

## G I R L S.



### THE BECHUANA GIRL.

ABOUT thirty years ago, there lived, in South Africa, a vast number of poor people, called Bechuanas. They seemed to be more cruel and ignorant than even the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. They never worshipped any God, nor even an idol; and when they had murdered any one, they did not seem to know that they had done wrong. They were quite savage in their habits, never washed themselves and wore only a dirty sheepskin for clothing. Sometimes they rubbed themselves over with some filthy grease and ochre, to keep their skin from being cracked and blistered by the hot sun and dry winds. You may think how badly they would bring up their children; indeed, the poor cared very little about them, and would frequently offer

to sell them to strangers for a few beads or a sheep.

At length some good missionaries went to live with these people; and preached and talked to them, and showed them all possible kindness, but for some years all seemed to be of no use. When these good men had almost given up hope, all at once the good seed that had been sown in their hearts was seen to spring up. They began to weep for their sins, and to visit the houses of the missionaries day and night to enquire what they must do to be saved. They then loved to come to school, and to bring their children with them; and not a few have become Christians, and wear clean and comfortable clothes, and build neat and convenient houses, and plant and sow, and make pretty gardens, and learn to work, and read, and sing. If you had been there, you might have walked out in the evening, and have heard them praying in the bushes, where they thought no one could hear them, and on the Sabbath day they all assembled to worship God.

In one of the schools there was a girl about fourteen or fifteen years old. She had learned

to read so quickly and so well that she was made a monitor, and was set to teach others. In these schools many of the old people went to learn, for they were not too proud to be taught. This young teacher was very anxious that her scholars should make good progress, and when they had read a chapter together, she would put the book behind her, and question them very fully, that they might think and understand all they had read.

This Bechuana girl had never seen her father since she was a child of a few months old, and could not remember him. He had been fourteen years away, and it was not known whether he was living or dead. Heathen men often act in this way, showing that heathenism deprives them of all tender affection to their families.

Her mother was a heathen too, and very unlike the dear Christian mothers of this happy land. She had indeed nursed and cherished her little daughter, and had done for her all that a heathen mother could do; but she had not taught her to pray, or to do one good thing. If it had not been for the missionaries, her daughter would have been

prepared, not for heaven, but for hell. This mother was awfully wicked, and as her daughter grew older, the missionaries were often afraid that by her example she would undo the effect of all their instruction at school. They would not have thought it right to take the daughter away from her mother, but they often wished that something might happen to separate them. You shall hear now how they were separated.

One day this girl was much surprised to hear that her father was come back. When a girl in this country is at school, and she hears that her father is come to see her, she is very pleased, is ready to jump for joy, and runs to meet him. But this poor girl was not at all glad. She was afraid that her father was come to take her away from her beloved school, and so she did not go out to meet him. She did not know that his heart was growing tender, and that he wanted her to be a little missionary to him and his people.

Mr. Moffat, for that was the name of the missionary, asked the man what he had come for. He said, "I am come for my daughter."



“Ah!” said the missionary, “your daughter will not go with you.” “I hope you will compel her,” said the father. We missionaries never *compel*,” was Mr. Moffat’s reply, “and I think your daughter, who is now a Christian, will not go away from school, to live with a heathen like you.” On hearing this, the father looked very sorrowful, and said, “O try to persuade her.”

Mr. Moffat was pleased to see that the heart of this savage was not so hard as it had been, and that he had begun to love his daughter; so he called her in. She came holding her head aside, not even looking at her father. The missionary said to her, “Your father wants you to go with him, to teach him and his people to read.” Still the girl seemed quite determined, and would not speak, nor even look. Her father seemed greatly grieved when his daughter, whom he had not seen so long, would not even look at him; and Mr. Moffat said to her, “You have heard something about *laws* in the school.” She remembered that hanging up in the school-room were two sets of laws—one the rules of the school, and the other the ten command-

ments of God, which we hope you have not only read, but often thought of. She asked Mr. Moffat what laws he meant, and he told her the laws of God. "Ah!" said the quick girl, "I know what you mean—'Honour thy father and thy mother.' " The missionary said, "God is looking to see whether you will obey his commands; and only think, my child, how happy you can make your father, although he once forgot you." This made the tears trickle down her cheeks; and here her father put in a word, and said, "O come! I will carry you all the way upon my back." He had come a hundred and forty miles, and proposed to carry her in that hot country, that great distance, that the stones might not hurt her feet.

But, though she saw her father's great anxiety, it was a hard struggle to leave her kind missionary friend, her beloved companions, and the pleasant school room where she had passed happy years, and to go away with a stranger, even though that stranger was her father. There were no neat houses, nor pretty gardens in her father's land; the people there were dirty and half naked; and

there was no church, no school, no Sabbath there. But she soon saw that it was her duty to go, and she bade her friends farewell, and went with her father.

When her wicked mother found that her daughter was going away, she was very angry, and took up large stones to throw at her. But her daughter got away unhurt, and every Christian parent rejoiced to see her go. Her difficulty of deciding between the opposing wishes of her father and her mother had been great. But she went away, feeling that if she had stayed with her mother, she might have become very wicked too, and have lost her own soul; while by going with her father, she hoped to do much good to him and his companions. Surely, dear reader, she made the right choice.

She and her father went together; and to her indeed it was a happy journey, for she felt she had done right, and was going to do good. Her father was very much delighted with her affectionate conduct towards him, and highly interesting was all their conversation through the whole journey.

When they arrived at the end of their

travels, the people were almost overjoyed to see the girl who was to be their missionary. They were curious about every thing connected with her. Her dress, her manners, and the black letters in her book, attracted their wonder and their examination. She did not forget the errand on which she had come, and she was not idle in her important mission. She soon taught many of the people to read, and in a few months the father again walked all the hundred and forty miles to the missionary station, to ask the missionaries for books for all the people whom his daughter had taught to read. Happy alike were herself and the people whom she had so well instructed.

May our young people at home imitate the example of this poor girl, and be always ready to make sacrifices that they may do good to others.



## A HINDOO GIRL.

A LITTLE Hindoo girl was one summer's afternoon, some years ago, playing before the

door of her father's bungalow, when she was carried off, taken to Calcutta, and sold as a slave. She was a sweet and beautiful girl, and the lady who bought her soon began greatly to love her, and determined that instead of regarding her as a slave, she would adopt her as her child; and in a few years she became her constant and attached companion.

When this young lady was stolen from her father, she was too young to understand his religion. The lady who bought her was a Mahomedan, and she trained her adopted daughter in that faith. Thus she lived till she was sixteen, when her mind became deeply impressed, she scarcely knew how, that she was a sinner, and needed salvation. She was in great distress, and went to her foster-mother for comfort. That lady, however, knew nothing of the Saviour; but tried to amuse her, that she might forget her trouble. She hired rope-dancers, jugglers, serpent-charmers, and tried all the sports of which the natives of India are fond, to give her pleasure; but all these things were of no use, and the young lady remained unhappy



as ever. The lady, deeply grieved at the distress of one whom she loved so much, next sent for a Mahommedan priest. He had never felt the need of a Saviour, and could not understand the cause of her distress. However, he taught her a long list of prayers in Arabic, a language which she did not understand. She learnt the long hard words which, to her, had no meaning, and repeated them five times a day, each time turning towards the east, the birth-place of Mahommed, bowing her face to the ground.

But all this gave her no comfort, for she felt that in these idle ceremonies, there could be no forgiveness or salvation. For three long years did she persevere in these prayers, when the thought struck her, that perhaps all this sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers, and becoming a Mohammedan. She immediately set out in search of a Brahmin, or Hindoo priest, and entreated him to receive her back among the Hindoos. He answered by cursing her by the name of his god. She told him how unhappy she was, and how long she had suffered, and besought him to shew her pity,

but he would not listen. She offered him a large sum of money, and then he was ready to do any thing; she placed herself under his direction, and frequently visited him for instruction. He told her to take an offering of flowers and fruit, morning and evening, to a certain goddess, at some distance, and once a week to offer a kid of the goats as a bloody sacrifice.

In India the people have a language of flowers. Each flower means something; and when you go into a temple, and see the flowers which are laid on the altar, you may often tell what petitions have been offered. The flowers she brought as her offering signified a bleeding heart. Oh, there was One who would not have refused such an offering! He only could have healed her broken heart, but she knew him not. For a long, long time, did she carry flowers and fruit, morning and evening; and once a week offer a kid of the goats, and sprinkle the blood on herself and on the altar. But she found that "the blood of goats could not take away sin;" and very often she cried out in deep distress, "Oh, I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without

obtaining salvation?" At last she became ill, through the distress of her mind. Her kind foster-mother, with deep sorrow watched her beloved companion apparently sinking into an early grave.

One day, as this young lady sat alone in her room, thinking, and longing, and weeping as her custom was, a beggar came to the door and asked alms. She began to talk with this beggar, as though she seemed determined to seek one who should guide her, and while talking used a word which means salvation. The man was startled, and said, "I think I have heard that word before." "Where, O where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying; I shall soon die, and oh, what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her the name of a charitable institution, where once a week two thousand poor natives were supplied with rice, and before the rice was given out, some Christian teacher used to speak to them. "I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation." "Oh, where is he? take me

to him !” The man cared nothing about this salvation himself. He thought she was mad, and was going away, but she would not suffer him to go till he had given an answer ; she dreaded lest she should miss that prize which now seemed almost within her reach. “ Well,” he said, “ I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus ;” and he directed her to that part of the town where Narraput Christian lived. Who was Narraput Christian ? He was once a rich and proud Brahmin, but he had given up all his riches and honors to become an humble disciple of Jesus Christ ; and he was now an assistant Missionary, and preacher to his countrymen. This was the man of whom the beggar spake.

The young lady gave the beggar a small sum of money, and that very evening she set out in search of Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus. She went from house to house, and inquired of every one she met, “ where Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus, lived ?” but no one would tell her. They all knew, but they were worshippers of idols, and they did not choose to tell her. It grew late and dark, and

she began to be afraid of being seen out at that hour. Her heart was nearly broken, for she thought that she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was turning to go home, when she saw a man walking along the road. She thought she would try once more, so she asked him the same question, "Where Narraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her to Jesus?" To her great joy, he pointed to the house, and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh! take me to him; I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" Narraput did not receive her as the Brahmin had done; he raised her kindly from the ground and led her into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend," he said, "sit down and tell me all." She told him her history, and as soon as she had done, she rose and said, "Now, sir, take me to Jesus. You know where he is Oh! take me to him!"



Ah ! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would he have received the poor wanderer ! She thought he was on earth, and that she might go to him at once. Narraput could tell her that though his residence was in heaven, he was now present to hear the voice of supplication ; and though not visible, was as able to pity and to save her, as he was to relieve the distressed when he lived on earth. He directed her to “ the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,” and explained the mysteries of redemption, that “ God, was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” Her mind now became easy, for she found that she had a ground of hope which was as “ an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.” He then proposed that they should pray together. All knelt down, and as he prayed, the poor Hindoo young lady felt that she had found that which she had so long and so earnestly desired. She now felt that although she was a great sinner, she could rejoice in God her Saviour. From this time she regularly attended Divine service at Union Chapel,

on the Sabbath afternoon, and occasionally received private instruction from the Missionary and Mrs. Gogerly, his wife. She was desirous of being baptized immediately; but, anxious to know more of her character, I delayed it a considerable time, when, on Sabbath afternoon, the 6th of August last, I baptized her by the name of Mary. May the spirit of that Mary who sat at the feet of Jesus, and listened to the gracious words which proceeded from his lips, and of that other Mary who bathed the feet of Christ with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, be granted unto her, that she may walk in the ways of holiness without hypocrisy, and at last may find eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. May every reader of this narrative, say to the minister of Jesus Christ, what the young Greeks said to Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus."



## AN INDIAN GIRL AT MACKINAW.

THE Missionary station at Mackinaw, Michigan, was commenced in 1823. Among the

most interesting of its converts was Ma-sai-ain-see, a half-blooded Indian girl, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who spoke the Ojibbeway language. When she left home she was about to have been received as a full priestess or conjurers. She had been one in a great dance to celebrate the murder of a large party of whites, for which many of the Indians were afterward imprisoned. At the period she gave the following narrative of her conversion, to the Missionary, she had for some time been a highly consistent and active Christian, and the missionary says, "There has been no more faithful Missionary to her friends and others among us, this summer, than she." We will now hear her own statement:—

Two years ago the present summer, I began first to have serious thoughts about my soul. When hearing the scriptures interpreted, what God says in them respecting the wicked, and especially M— (a pious girl of the family) praying in the native language, for the salvation of poor ignorant Indians, I first began to think—'Perhaps I am one of those poor ignorant wicked ones.' And I began to use

some catholic prayers, which I had in part learnt, thinking these would do me good. But M. told me these were only prayers of the mouth, and not right with God; that God knew all our hearts; and that we must pray from our hearts as we felt, if we hoped to have God hear us. With this said to me, which I supposed to be true, I used to try to pray. Sometimes I could only use a few words, and did not know what was the matter with me; but often in meeting and at other times, I was distressed with the thought, that I might be sent away with the wicked. I can now see, I had then no sense of the wickedness of my heart. The more I heard the word of God explained, and was questioned respecting it, and informed that not only our actions were bad in God's sight, but our thoughts and feelings were displeasing and wicked before him; the more was I led to look at my life, at particular things which I had done; and from this review, to think more of my heart, that there was something very bad, and which I began to see was wicked, in my thoughts and feelings.

Preparatory to the first season of commu-

nion after my uneasy state of mind, while helping to prepare the table service, I was told that none but those who loved God had any right or privilege at his table. I then felt as if I should never be permitted to come there, as I knew nothing of God. All the night following I lay awake, distressed at the situation in which I began to see myself; and thought, as I had lived so long without thinking of God, or rather knowing that there was such a glorious Being in the heavens, that he would never have any thing to do with me; that I was too bad to have him think upon or help me. The next day Miss O. read and had interpreted to the girls that portion of Scripture where Christ instituted the Supper, and explained to us the reason and design of the sacrament. Afterwards, when seeing the church around the table, with all the affecting scene around me, I had a *feeling* that there was truth in these things, such as I had not had before. And not only was my mind deeply distressed for myself; but seeing so many around me, compared with the small number at the table, whom I supposed must be in the same wicked and dangerous condi



tion with myself, my feelings of anguish became indescribable. On leaving church, while alone in my room, the thought came to my mind, "Why need I be so distressed? there are no others who appear to feel as I do; perhaps it is because these things are new to me. When I become more used to them, they will not affect me so, and it may be, that I too, may come to love God."

After this, while any of the family were giving me and the other girls instruction, I used often to think, "I won't let any of these things trouble me." And if at any time I found my mind considerably excited, I would immediately try to check and do away my feelings, as it were, saying to myself, "It is enough for me to learn little by little; I won't be such a fool; by and by I shall do well enough, when I come to know more." With this impression, I almost neglected prayer. To such a degree did I give myself up to this feeling, that for a long time it was but seldom that I would attempt to pray, lest my mind should be too much frightened or distressed.

The next thing that troubled me was the parable of the sower, which I heard read to

me, and upon which I was requested to give my opinion, when I supposed I understood the meaning. This troubled me much, because, after fixing upon what I supposed the way-side and the stony-ground hearers meant, I thought they both represented much of my heart; nor could I resist the anxiety which the thought produced. This state of mind remained and grew worse for some time, until I was arrested with this thought, that it might bring me to sickness, or derangement, or a worse evil; and I determined that I would try and do as far as possible what was right for God, and in the meantime would avoid indulging in anxiety.

Here she related a train of feelings, for several months, amounting to nothing essentially more favourable. The narrative exhibited a fluctuating unhappy state; sometimes awakened to anxious distress under instruction, and again endeavoring to settle into indifference or ease of mind. At one time this struggle was severe, occasioned by the death of a little boy in the family. At another, on the arrival of her relatives last summer, Miss O. asked her why she did not talk with and

instruct them. Here her mind was again aroused. She says she felt in keen distress for a time, shuddering at the thought of showing others what to do, when this condemned herself. This she thought would be to look after a mote in their eye, with a beam in her own. At length, when Miss M'F. was lying very sick, and her death was daily expected, she came into the room, and among other things Miss M'F. said to her, "I suppose you are not willing to have me die; but if you only had a good hope in the Saviour, it would not be long before we should meet again in heaven, and be forever happy together."

This, she said, came home to my heart. It was more than I could well endure; and I resolved that I would pray for mercy *as long as I had life*. From that time I was much in prayer; and often able to get little or no rest through the night. When Miss M'F. and Mr. F. were about leaving home for their journey last fall, my mind was deeply affected and distressed. I thought it would be right in God, who had been so merciful as to send them here to instruct us and be a father to

us, to take away their lives; and that I, with the other children who had not believed in Christ, might never see them again. How can I endure the thought! I will try, I will pray, and perhaps, though I don't deserve it, God will send them back and give mercy to my soul, that I may love the Saviour! When I saw the vessel under sail, I went alone and prayed earnestly that God would preserve them; and that I might, if he could be so merciful, have a heart given me to improve the providence of taking them away.

This anxiety continued. I felt after this no inclination to give up prayer. I often thought how I had promised to God, and were I not to do as I had promised, I should lie to him; and then he would have no more mercy on me. I felt this to be my last time, my only hope. My mind was so pressed, that many times I could not sleep, and was often compelled as it were, to get up and seek relief in prayer.

One Wednesday evening, after meeting, Mrs. C. fell in with me, having walked, as I also had done, and had a long talk with me. And though I did not express to her any

other than anxiety of mind for salvation, yet I was angry. In my agony of distress and anger I had such thoughts as these, "What business have you to talk so to me? It don't concern you what becomes of my soul. You have not to suffer for my sins. Why not then, let me alone, and not torment me?" After Mrs. C. left me, reflecting on the feelings I had indulged, I felt, if possible, worse than ever. Although I was aware that Mrs. C. knew nothing of my feelings, yet, I knew they were not hid from God; and must be very displeasing. Surely, thought I, I am lost!

The following Saturday evening, there was a prayer meeting in the girls' room; after which Miss C. made remarks to this effect:—"That she was afraid some of those professing so much anxiety were deceived, judging from their conduct; for surely, if they were so anxious, they would have given themselves to the Saviour before now." This was like a knife to my heart. What can I do? At first, after going to the bed-room with M. and C., who were also distressed, we tried to pray together. But I found this was no place



for me ; and the whole night I spent alone ; now and then only awakened to keener agony from hearing the sobs of M. in the opposite room. Sabbath morning, leaving my room a little after daylight, I saw M. standing by her bed, and with a smile on her countenance, look at her little girl. The thought rushed upon me, that she must have found the Saviour ; for I had never seen a smile on her countenance before. [Meaning since her anxiety.] Now she is going to begin a new, a happy Sabbath, and I am left with this wicked heart to profane the day. For a moment, as I heard one of the girls exclaim, “M. has found the Saviour,” I felt disposed to envy her. But no—I thought—this is making me more wicked ; I will try to follow her. And I left the house for the cedars, designing at the time to spend the day there, though I did not. I can give no just account of my mind through the Sabbath and Monday. I can only say, that I had, as it seemed to me, every wicked feeling. My heart was so hard I could not weep ; I could not shed a tear ; it seemed a perfect combat.

Tuesday morning after breakfast, Mr. H.

came to my room and talked with me a good deal. He told me that this might perhaps be the last day the Lord would give me; and asked me why I would not submit? He explained to me many verses of the Bible, and during this time my heart got some feeling. It seemed to melt; and I could weep. The whole of this day I hardly knew where or what I was. Sometimes I apprehended that I must lose my senses; and seeing the other girls so different from myself, for a moment I would half resolve to endeavor to be like them; supposing that otherwise I should soon be deranged. But a reacting thought and feeling would bring me back to all the keenness of my agony. Before supper I was in the girls' sewing room, where Miss O. read from the Bible and talked to the girls. I stayed till I dared stay no longer, lest I should break out in something dreadful before them through derangement. I got to my bedroom; and throwing myself on the bed, I lay for some time unconscious of any thing but the fire within. Nor durst I ever shut my eyes for fear I should find myself in death, actually sinking into the flames of hell.

After a time, how long I don't know, becoming more conscious of my state, and collected in mind, these were my feelings :—I have tried every way, and all in vain. I cannot help myself. Neither prayers nor anxiety do any good ;—they lead to no relief. It is right, it is just in God to destroy me. I ought to perish. He may do what he pleases. If he sends me to hell, let him do it ; and if he show mercy, well : let him do just as he pleases with me. Here, as in a moment, I had such a kind of *one*, or *whole* view of myself, and a willingness to be in God's hands, that I could lie no longer, and resolved to go in prayer, and throw myself for the last time at the feet of the Saviour, and solemnly beg of him to do what he would with me. Just at this time Eliza [an Indian pious woman in the family, who, from the very filth of degradation has become one of Christ's fold,] came and talked a good deal to me. She told me how easy it was to believe in the Saviour if I would ; and after talking some time, said, " We will pray together." Here I lost all my burden. I felt light. A strange feeling that I cannot de-

scribe. I had no thought that I loved Christ, but I was happy, and yet afraid to be happy. I was afraid to give indulgence to these feelings; for it appeared to me that it would be dreadful after all, to go to hell with no feeling of distress about it! Rising from our knees, I was conscious of a smile on my countenance, which I designedly concealed with my handkerchief, lest Eliza should observe it. Leaving the room, Miss O. called me to her bedroom to eat some supper prepared for me. I went, but could not eat. Miss O. and Miss C. urged me, and asked why I refused; to which I made no direct answer. When they saw I either could not or would not eat, they proposed uniting in prayer, in which they each led in succession. Here I was filled with that happiness which I hope to enjoy in heaven. I do not know but that my enjoyment was as great as it was possible for my soul to have, arising from a view of the love, the nearness, and glory of the Saviour. I seemed to see it, to feel it all, in a fulness of joy beyond expression. At the close of prayer my mind ran on this hymn:—

“Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?”

and without expressing the wish I had to hear this hymn sung, Mrs. C. in a few moments commenced singing it. The whole hymn possessed my soul in mingled joy, and wonder, and love. Especially the last verses, so that I was here as much lost to myself in the bliss of joy, as I had before been in the anguish of despair. Perhaps my countenance told my feelings; and Miss O. asked me if I could love that Saviour. I answered, “I hope I do.” This was the first intimation I had dared to give of my peace of soul. But my joy had swallowed up all fear, and I could not resist the answer. Now I had such a love for all around, as well as for the Saviour, that I could have folded them to my bosom. For two days following, night and day, there was little or no abatement of this happiness. I appeared to be in a new world. Every thing led me to God. Not one object did I see but seemed to say “how glorious and lovely is the great God!”



## NATIVES OF THE EAST.



ABDOOL MESSEE.



ABDOOL MESSEE

THIS remarkable man, a truly devoted native preacher, was once so zealous a Mussulman, that he induced a Hindoo servant, in the family in which he lived, to become a Ma-

hommedan. It appears that he was afterwards perplexed at the contradictions of the Mahomedan sects, and that he was much pleased with the Rev. Henry Martyn's preaching to the natives, at which he attended, as he expressed it, "to see the sport."

After seeking instruction in various ways, Abdool was, providentially, favored with an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the words of Jesus. For when Mr. Martyn had finished his translation of the New Testament into Hindostanee, the book was given to Abdool to bind. This he considered a fine opportunity, nor did he let it slip. On reading the word of the Lord, he discovered his character as a sinner, felt grief of heart on account of his criminality, understood the way of salvation by Christ Jesus, and became entirely decided for the Saviour. He was ordained to the Christian ministry, and became an eminently useful missionary to his countrymen.

Bishop Heber, who well knew him, and from whom he received ordination, says of him, "He is a very fine old man, with a magnificent gray beard, and of much more gen

tlemanly manners than any other Christian native whom I have seen. He is every way fit for holy orders, and is a most sincere Christian, quite free, as far as I could observe, from all conceit and enthusiasm. His long eastern dress, his long grey beard, and his calm, resigned countenance, give him already almost the air of an apostle."

In the year 1827, Abdool was taken fatally sick, and in his whole deportment the value of Christianity appeared in a very eminent degree. It was marked by a calm and cheerful resignation. He had before this period composed a hymn which in his affliction gave him much comfort. We will lay before the reader a literal translation of two of its verses :—

“ Beloved Saviour let not me  
In thy fond heart forgotten be ;  
Of all that decks the field or bower,  
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flower

“ Youth’s morn has fled, old age come on,  
But sin distracts my soul alone ;  
Beloved Saviour, let not me  
In thy fond heart forgotten be.”

The conversion, labors, and success of such men as Abdool Messe, Krishna Pal, and others, encourage the hope, that in process of time, India itself will furnish competent ministers of the Gospel to enlighten its hundreds of millions of inhabitants.



#### THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.

THE first Baptist missionaries in India, labored about seven years, before a single individual possessing Christianity had sufficient moral courage to lose caste, and be baptized. At length a man of about thirty-six years of age, named Krishna Pal, of the caste of carpenters, who was first conversed with by one of the missionaries in the streets, and afterwards frequently visited by them, and by their conversation, and by reading the tracts they placed in his hands, was brought to know Christ, and to trust on his atoning sacrifice for pardon and salvation. He learned that sin is a dreadful thing, and felt joy in hearing of the mercy of Jesus to sinners. He renounced caste, and was baptized by the late

Dr. Carey, in December, 1800. His Christian joy in loving and serving the Saviour was very great, and so much the more, when he found that his wife and her sister became entirely decided for Christ. At the close of the hallowed day which witnessed his union with the church, he declared that he was "full of joy;" when asked, soon after, in the street, by a European, what he got by his profession of Christianity? admirably did he reply, that, "he got nothing but joy and comfort;" adding that it was the "work of love." Speaking shortly after at a conference meeting, he said, "When I am at work, my mind goes away from God, and I am sorry, and charge it not to do so. I say, O mind! why dost thou thus depart from Christ? Thou canst not be happy any where without him. I charge thee to keep close to him." In a word, he seemed to have fully imbibed the spirit described by Joymooni, his sister-in-law, when she said, "O yes, my mind's book is open, in which I write down every thing that I hear about Jesus Christ."

Krishna became a preacher of the Gospel, whose sweetness he had so happily discovered,



and for more than twenty years labored with fidelity, eloquence and success, and then died joyful in Christ. An interesting little volume of his life has been published by THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.



### A PRIEST OF BUDDHU.

A YOUNG priest, who was a zealous opposer of Christianity, resided in the district of Mantura, in Ceylon. This spot is considered to be the chief seat of Buddhism on the island. The principal priest resides here, and here also is the principal college of the Buddhist priesthood.

The priest was met incidentally at the prison of Mantura, by Mr. Lalmon, a Wesleyan assistant missionary. Both had come to the place to visit a native man, condemned to die. After some conversation, the missionary challenged the priest to produce a single proof from any of his sacred books, that a Saviour for man had come into the world. The priest was highly indignant at the challenge. He went to his temple, and commenced a search for

evidence from the Buddhist writings of the doctrine he was required to support. Though he continued his search at times for two years, he was unsuccessful.

On visiting a neighboring district, he met with another missionary, who gave him a copy of the New Testament in Cingalese. This he took to his temple and read; but four years passed away before the pride of his heart would allow him to divulge the struggle that was going on in his mind. The rank he held in the priesthood, being now second in the island; his reputation for learning, and the influence he had among the people, were circumstances which induced him so long to resist that light and conviction which the perusal of the scriptures had conveyed to his mind. The repetition of his visits, however, led to a disclosure of his condition. An alarm was raised, and he found it necessary to flee from the temple and take refuge in the house of the missionary.

The priests wrote a letter to him, which was signed by them all, that disgrace would befall them if he became a Christian; that were such a calamity to happen, their religion

would receive an incurable wound. To this he paid no attention. In a second communication they made him an offer of certain temples and emoluments, provided he would not renounce Buddhism. This likewise produced no effect. In a third letter he was told, that if he became a Christian, they would, by some means or other, take his life. This at first rather startled him; but he remained firm to his purpose, and after "learning the way of the Lord more perfectly" from the missionaries he made a profession of religion in the presence of a very large assembly.

"The conversion of this man," said Mr. Clough, a Wesleyan missionary, "is so impressive an event, that it more than a thousand fold rewards us for all the toils we have had in translating and publishing the Scriptures in Cingalese."



#### MIRZA MAHOMED ALI.

MIRZA MAHOMED ALI, the only son of a venerable Persian Judge, was introduced to the Scottish missionaries at Astrachan, as a

teacher. He was found qualified to instruct in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic. Discussions became frequent, and although they often produced in him the most violent rage, he courted their renewal. At length his mind was impressed by the truths of the Gospel; the particulars of which were thus given by the Rev. Mr. McPherson, a missionary:—

Mahomed Ali, my Arabic teacher, came at his usual hour. On offering a few remarks on the absurdity of the system of divinity which formed the groundwork of our studies, I was more than surprised to hear him reply, “I no more believe what is contained in that book,” pointing to the Mahommedan Confession of Faith. He now told me, that his soul was in deep waters, and that he could not sleep at night from reflecting on his perilous situation, in professing a religion which he was afraid was not the true one.

From this time he appeared in great anguish of spirit, and rapidly became more fully convinced of the truth of Christianity. After his conversion, he confessed that the fact of so many Christian missionaries being employed in different parts of the world, had

made a deep impression on his heart, that he began to surmise that a religion which could lead men to do so much for their fellow creatures, must be from God ; whilst amongst Mahomedans, none seemed to take any interest in the condition of others, whether they were in the way to heaven or not.

He was much affected with the relation in which he stood to his venerable father. “ I am sure,” said he “ that my apostacy will bring him down with sorrow to the grave.”

A Persian gentleman was sent by Mahomed’s father to reclaim him ; but the young Christian remained firm. After this his father treated him with the utmost harshness. He was confined and beaten severely, until the missionary applied to the governor, by whose authority he was safely lodged in the mission house. He was soon afterwards publicly baptized.

The young convert very happily exemplified the meekness of a Christian under the abusive treatment which he endured. When he was brought to the residence of the missionaries, his head still aching from the blows his father had given him, he said, “ I have suffered much



since I saw you ; but Christ Jesus suffered much more." On another occasion, being asked how he felt, while his father was beating him, "O nothing at all ; after he had done, I wept and kissed him."

After his baptism he visited his father. Both of them wept much. The natural affections of the father's heart were not changed by the son's apostacy, and the son's were only strengthened. The father did not upbraid him, but stated his conviction, that the devil had obtained possession of him, otherwise he never could have forsaken the Prophet, nor his aged parent. He inquired very kindly after his comfort. A few days after, Mahomed Ali received a note from his father, containing these moving appeals:—"O, my unmerciful son, how long wilt thou pain me ? I once fondly cherished the hope that when I came to die, I should have laid my head upon your knees, but these hopes are fled." The afflicted father continued to urge upon his son representations designed to shake his steadfastness, until at last he consoled himself with the Mahommedan tenet, that his son was fated to be an infidel.

The young man became a zealous advocate for the Christian faith. His faithful labors proved highly useful to the Mission. After, however, the lapse of about two years, by some agency that was never divulged, he was prohibited, by an order from the Governor-general of the southern provinces of Russia, from engaging in any missionary operations. He was not even allowed to go beyond the boundaries of the city of Astrachan, without leave from the police-master. Nor was this all. He was appointed by the government to the office of teacher in Siberia—an appointment equivalent to exile. On his way to the secluded spot to which he had been ordered, he passed through Kazan, the seat of one of the Russian universities. A German physician of that place was so much pleased with the young convert, so struck with his talents, and so interested in his history, that he urged the principal persons in the city to procure a change of his destination, and obtain for him an appointment to a professorship in that city. After much delay, the request of the petitioners was granted, and Mahomed Ali, or Alexander Kazem Bey, as he was now

called, was appointed professor of Oriental languages in the university of Kazan. He remained steadfast in the faith, adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour, by a life and conversation becoming the Gospel.



## ANUNDO.

ABOUT the early part of 1834, Anundo Chund Moojoomdar, a native of India, of respectable caste and family, and who had received an English education, was received into the Christian Church. Anundo was admitted as a pupil into the General Assembly's school, on its opening in August, 1830, and in accordance with the system of tuition pursued there, he, together with his classfellows, soon commenced the study of the New Testament. It was not long before his mind became arrested by the Sermon on the Mount. The ideas, the precepts, the images, the illustrations, were all so peculiar, and seemed so apposite and so true, that glimpses of light flashed through his soul, and he was often heard to exclaim, "How beautiful, how tender, how

kind, how full of love and goodness! Oh, how unlike the spirit and maxims of Hindooism! *Surely this is the truth!*" Never was there a more striking exemplification of what Dr. Owen calls the "self-evidencing power of the Bible." As the young man advanced in his acquaintance with its contents, he constantly contrasted its statements with those which the Brahmins rehearsed from their Shasters; and he appeared as it were internally to see and feel that there was truth in the former and error in the latter. He demanded no *external* evidence to authenticate the divine authority of the Christian Scriptures. To him the reading of them seemed like the presence of the light of day, exposing surrounding objects in their true colors; or rather like the sudden admission of the solar rays into a dreary cavern, bringing to view the hideous and loathsome objects with which it had been stored. Not that he thought lightly of miracles and prophecies; but he declared that these were not *necessary* for *his* conviction; for there was something in the whole spirit, and plan, and announcements of the gospel, that came home to his soul in the

light of truth, independently of *external* proofs. Anundo voluntarily applied to Dr. Duff for baptism. His address on the occasion was in substance, "What shall I do? I feel that I am a sinner, a great sinner, a sinner that deserves to be eternally punished. What shall become of me? If I die this night, I fear I shall be lost for ever, and I know I deserve such a fate. What shall I do? I am troubled, much troubled, day and night I am troubled. But in the Bible I read of God's mercy. May I not trust in it? I sometimes think that I may, and so try to think and do what is good, when all at once I feel that I am sinning more. Then I read the Bible; I cannot help reading it; and there I find *something that catches me* in a way which I cannot explain. I feel that Christ is the only true Saviour. Last night I could not sleep, and so arose and lighted my lamp, and read the Bible, and it *caught* me; and I am convinced that here is the only way of salvation. May I not then publicly profess my faith in Christ by baptism?"



## PARBOTE E.

PARBOTE E was a Brahmin of superior rank, and a very strict observer of Hindoo rites. Meeting with another Brahmin, Mohun Chund, who had visited Mr. Thomas, one of the first English Baptist missionaries, Parbotee required him to go and wash his clothes, to remove the defilement of the society of an Englishman. The other Brahmen positively refused, although the injunction was repeatedly urged. Parbotee then proceeded to what is deemed in India a very formidable act. He handed to Mohun Chund his hookah (smoking pipe, with a vessel of water; through which the smoke passes to his mouth,) having first poured out the water from the vessel. Such an act is, among the Hindoos, a kind of formal disgrace, and proves the forerunner to that which is deemed worse than death—the loss of caste. This proceeding could not escape the notice of the witnesses present, nor fail of drawing the attention of many to the great dishonor of the censured Brahmin. Mohun Chund left the company, and went and poured

out his complaint to God in prayer. During the next night, he was called up by the vehement cries of Parbotee, whom he found greatly agitated, and anxious to hear the Gospel. They went together to the house of Boshoo, the moonshee, where they remained till daylight, reading, praying, and singing. The impressions thus commenced were permanent. After painful and trying convictions, he gave good evidence of a change of heart, and his subsequent demeanor was highly satisfactory to the missionaries.



## BRINDELBUND.

ABOUT the year 1824 the late Rev. John Chamberlain, an English Baptist minister, began missionary labor in Cutwa, a large city in India. In the following year he became acquainted with an old man between sixty and seventy years of age, named Brindelbund. He had for many years been a religious mendicant, obtaining his living by begging, professing to be a byraggee, that is one who had subdued his passions, and as the Hindoos express it, *seek-*

*ing some one who is worthy.* His hair had been suffered to grow so as almost to conceal his eyes, and he had indulged in smoking to such an excess as nearly to deprive himself of sight. He first heard the Gospel at a large fair between Cutwa and Berhampore. He was observed to pay great attention the whole day; and was seen sometimes to laugh, and at other times to weep. At night he went to Mr. Chamberlain, and said, in allusion to the custom of presenting flowers, "I have a flower (meaning his heart) which I wish to give to some one who is worthy of it. I have, for many years, travelled about the country to find such a person, but in vain. I have been to Juggernaut, but there I saw only a piece of wood; *that* was not worthy of it. But to day I have found one that is, and he shall have it. Jesus Christ is worthy of my flower." The old man was faithful to his surrender, and never took his heart from Jesus. He learned to read; from being an idle devotee, he became very industrious. Talking to his Hindoo brethren, he would say, "And whom do you need but Him whom I have found?" He would take his wallet of

books, and travel two or three hundred miles to distribute them, and was for fourteen or fifteen years a most devout, judicious, and indefatigable preacher of the word of God.

In the last days of Brindelbund, Mrs. Chamberlain would sometimes go to his bedside, and say, "Brindelbund, shall I get you some tea? Can you eat bread?" He would lay his head on the New Testament, and reply, "Sister, this is my tea—this is my bread. Man was not made to live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." How valuable the gospel, which can thus give happiness to a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the slavery of idolatry.



## ABDALLAH.

It will be remembered by our readers that the apostle Paul tells us, in his epistle to the Galatians, that he commenced his preaching in Arabia. For many centuries past this country has been under the sad influence of Mahommedanism. But even there the reli-

gion of Christ has occasionally penetrated, and the blood of martyrdom has been shed.

Abdallah and Sabat were young men of rank in Arabia, intimate friends, and fellow travellers in foreign lands. They were both of them zealous Mahommedans, and having paid their adorations at the tomb of the false prophet at Mecca, they travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul, where Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under the king. While he was here he met with a Bible, which belonged to a Christian from Armenia, then residing in that city. Our readers probably know that in Mahommedan countries the punishment of death is inflicted on all who avow themselves Christians, and will feel no surprise that this young man for a season endeavored to conceal his conversion. Finding, however, that he could not do this, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had reached the great city of Bochara in Tartary, when he was met in the street by his friend Sabat. This zealous devotee of Mahommed had heard of the conversion and flight of his old acquaint-



ance, and as the result, was filled with indignation. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to allow him to escape with his life. But Sabat had no pity, and delivered him up to the king of Bochara.

Abdallah was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bochara, announcing the time of his execution. An immense multitude attended, with the chief men of the land. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing at his side, ready to deprive him of life. His reply was, "No, I cannot abjure Christ." One of his hands was then cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging at his side with but little motion.

A physician, by desire of the king, offered, if he would recant, to heal the wound. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards heaven like Stephen, the first Christian martyr, while his eyes streamed with tears. He looked at Sabat, who stood by, but without anger, rather indeed with forgiveness and

benignity. His other hand was then cut off, "But," said a spectator, "he never *changed*, he never *changed*. And when he bowed his head to receive the stroke of death, all the inhabitants of Bochara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'" This event occurred less than fifty years ago, and is related by the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan.



#### A HINDOO FEMALE.

THE ordinance of baptism was some time since administered to an aged female in India, over whose head seventy long years had passed.

She was asked what induced her to change her religion. She replied, "I have been worshipping idols all my life, but it has been to no profit. One day a missionary asked me if I knew that I was a sinner. I returned home and reflected upon the question. Then light began to break into my mind, and I felt that I was a great sinner. I told my feelings to my son and my daughter. They

laughed at me. I did not care for that. I felt that I must be a Christian. I had great love for Jesus Christ, and thought of him continually." She was then asked what she wanted from Jesus Christ. She replied, "Pardon and salvation." "Do you believe that baptism can pardon and save you?" "Oh no; water can do nothing. Christ alone can save." "Where will you go when you die?" "To God." "How can your body go to God?" "It is not my body that will go; it is my soul." "How do you know that you have a soul?" "Because I see, and think, and act without my body; and my body acts under the direction of my soul. If my soul departs, my body will be at rest."



## A DYING BRAHMIN.

THE Rev. Eustace Carey, a Baptist missionary from India, in an address before the American Tract Society in 1825, gave the following statement:--

A young Brahmin obtained one of four

tracts, and after reading it, he came to us full of anxiety, inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" We instructed him out of the Gospel. He came again and again, and at length renounced his idols, and, we have no doubt, gave his heart to Christ. After many weeks he joined a Christian church. But God did not suffer him to remain with us many years. He fell a victim to the cholera. A little before he died, another young native Christian came to see and to comfort him; and as he lay his languishing head on the bosom of his young friend, he broke out in an ecstasy, and said in his native tongue, "Sing, brother, sing." "And what shall I sing?" was the inquiry of his friend. "Sing salvation, salvation through the death of Jesus! Salvation through Jesus Christ!" And I believe these were the last words he uttered.



#### A HINDOO AT CALCUTTA.

THE following account of the death of a converted Hindoo at Calcutta, was given by

the Rev. W. H. Pearce, the son of the well-known Rev. Samuel Pearce, and a zealous Baptist missionary, and missionary printer, who died of cholera in the midst of his days and his usefulness :—

This converted Hindoo was ill for several weeks, during which there was a very perceptible preparation for the change which, as afterwards appeared, it was the will of God that he should undergo. His conscience was tender, so that he wept over his sinfulness and hardness of heart; he became more indifferent to the world, and more anxious about eternal realities; manifested much desire for prayer and religious conversation, and exhibited more gratitude to God for his mercy in calling him to the knowledge of his gospel, and a more entire reliance on Christ as the Saviour of his soul. For some days before his death he lay in a kind of stupor; and when roused, seemed conscious only for a short time. But, on the night of his departure, he appeared to awaken as from sleep, and very wonderfully to revive. He sat up and conversed, with the greatest self-possession, with his wife and child, and a native preacher,



who was attending on him. By this preacher, the following account of the conversation was given.

The wife of the dying man, herself a member of the church, and the means of his conversion, said to him, "Well, do you put faith in Christ as your Saviour?" He replied very emphatically, "Undoubtedly, undoubtedly; yes, undoubtedly, I believe in him entirely for salvation." At one time he repeatedly said, "Come, Lord Jesus, why dost thou delay? I am ready; open unto me the door of life." His wife said to him, "Alas, you are dying; what will become of me?" He replied, "I have committed you into the hands of God our Father." She asked, "But what will become of the boy?" an interesting youth of nine years of age. His answer was, "Christ our Saviour will take care of him." He then called the little boy to him, and embraced him; when his wife said, "Ah! what right have we to treasures which are only lent?" Soon after this he called her to him, laid hold of her hand affectionately, and said, "We are yet united in affection." She replied, "Yes; not in life only, but for ever."

'Then taking her hand, he prayed for her and the child, and said to her, "Then, can you let me depart to day?" She answered, "Yes, I can; why should I prevent you from going to the Saviour? I will not hinder your entering the gate of life everlasting." At his own desire, his attendants began singing the evening hymn, in Bengali, and, when that was concluded, they commenced, at his request, another on death, of which the chorus is, "Every thing on earth is but vanity, O brother; but the love of Christ, that alone is substance." While they were singing this hymn, he fell back on his bed, breathed a gentle sigh, and expired.

## SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.



### PUAAIKI, OR BARTIMEUS.

WHEN the American missionaries first went to the Sandwich Islands, they found a poor blind dancer, named Puaaiki, who earned a scanty living by making fun for others. He was dressed in bark cloth, and presented every indication of poverty. When he fell sick, and could no longer amuse his neighbors by his antics, they entirely neglected him, and he was soon a very pitiable object, sick, blind, dirty, and as degraded as even an heathen could be. There did indeed seem but little hope for so miserable a creature.

While in these circumstances, he was told by a Christian neighbor of the Great Physician who could cure his sickness and restore his sight, who also invited him to go and see the missionaries. A new thought now penetrated

his dark mind—it was, that *there was help and comfort for him somewhere*. It was a very good thought, and it did not deceive him. He prevailed on a heathen boy to lead him to a house of Christian worship, where prayer and praise were offered to the true God ; and the very first sermon he heard was about just such a Friend and Saviour as he needed. The poor blind man understood enough of it to want to know more, and he began to attend regularly upon the preaching of the missionaries.

Puaaiki, for this was his heathen name, now felt that his soul was in a worse state than his body ; yet he was some time finding the Saviour, for his mind was very dark ; but taught by the missionaries and the Holy Spirit, he became at length a humble and happy believer in Jesus. When he professed faith in Christ, he took the Scripture name of Bartimeus, from the poor blind beggar of the New Testament, the story of whom always very much interested him.

What a change for this poor heathen, and how precious to him were the blessings of the Gospel ! A steady improvement took place

in his character, and he grew so rapidly in Christian knowledge, that in a few years he became a preacher of the Gospel to his countrymen, and truly excellent, eloquent, and useful was his ministry.

Anxious to follow all the instructions of his Bible, he gave up drinking "Awa," the intoxicating liquor of the islanders; but for a long time he kept on smoking; for, in common with his people, he took great delight in it. One day a missionary asked him, "Why do you hold on to your pipe, Bartimeus?" "Why, indeed?" he asked, for want of a better answer. One of his neighbors said to him, "Ask the missionary, if the Bible *forbids* smoking tobacco." He modestly did so, and was asked in return, "Does the Bible *authorize* it?" When the sacred epistles were translated into his language, and he heard them read, he found that Christians are told to "lay apart *all* filthiness," to "prove all things," and to "hold fast that which is good, and to "abstain from all appearance of evil." Bartimeus no longer hesitated about his duty; he broke his pipe, and used tobacco no more. Does not his



example speak forcibly to many Christians, even in happy America?"



## AN OLD IDOLATOR.

ONE day, while the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a missionary, was preaching at Raiatea, one of the South Sea Islands, where he had recently introduced the Gospel, an old man stood up and exclaimed, "My fathers worshipped Oro, the god of war, and so have I; nor shall any thing that you can say persuade me to forsake this way. And," continued he, addressing the missionary, "what do you want more than you have already? Have you not won over such a chief, and such a chief; ay, and you have Pomare, the king himself! what want you more?" "All—all the people of Raiatea; and you, yourself, I want!" was the reply of Mr. Wilson. "No, no," cried the old man; "me—you shall never have me! I will do as my fathers have done; I will worship Oro; you shall never have me, I assure you." Little, however, did this poor

man understand of the power and love of God. Such was the blessed effect of the Gospel on his heart, that within six months from that time, this staunch, inflexible, inveterate adherent of Oro, the Moloch of the Pacific, abandoned his idol, and became a worshipper of the true God.



#### A TAHITIAN MARTYR.

BEFORE the final establishment of Christianity at Tahiti, a fine, intelligent young man, became a worshipper of the true God. Ridicule, and afterwards flattery, were employed by his family to draw him back to idolatry, but in vain. Threats of unrelenting vengeance were at last denounced against him, and he was driven from his father's house. A heathen ceremony was at hand, for which a human victim was required, and this young man was marked out for that victim. On the evening of the day preceding that on which the ceremony was to take place, he had retired to the brow of the hill that overlooked

the valley where he dwelt ; there, seated beneath the embowering shade of a clump of trees, he was absorbed in meditation previous to his evening prayer. While thus engaged, his seclusion was invaded by his persecutors. A number of the servants of the priests and chiefs came to him and said, that the king had arrived, and had sent them to invite him down. He knew that the intended ceremony was at hand, that a human sacrifice was then to be offered, and he suspected instantly the purpose for which he was now visited. He charged his visitors with the intention of deceiving him, and added, "I know a ceremony approaches, that a human victim is then to be offered, something tells me *I am to be that victim*, and your appearance and your message confirm my conviction. Jesus Christ is my keeper, without his permission you cannot harm me, you may be permitted to kill my body, but I am not afraid to die. My soul you cannot hurt, that is safe in the hands of Jesus Christ." Perceiving there was but little prospect of inducing him to accompany them towards the beach, and, irritated possibly by his heroic reply, they rushed upon him,

wounded and murdered him ; and then bore his body to the temple, where it was offered in sacrifice to their god.



### A WONDERING HEARER.

THE Rev. Mr. Nott, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, having on one occasion read the third chapter of the Gospel by John to a number of the natives, some of them appeared very deeply impressed. When he had finished the sixteenth verse, one of them, much affected, interrupted him, asking, "What words were those you read? what sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The poor pagan rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so loved the world, as to give his Son to die, that man might not die! can that be true?" Mr. Nott read the verse again,

told him it was true, and that it was the message of God sent to them, and that whosoever believeth in Jesus, would not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wandering pagan were too powerful for expression or for restraint. At length he burst into tears ; and as these rolled down his dark visage, he withdrew to meditate in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul ; and there was every reason to believe, that he was afterwards raised to share the joys of Divine peace, the fruit of the love of God shed abroad in the heart.



## A PRIEST OF ORO.

WHEN Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, a deputation from the London Missionary Society, were at Huahine, in the South Seas, some years since, they called upon an aged man, who was the last priest at that place of Oro, the god of war. When a young man, he was large and powerful, his face was singularly tattooed,—a mark of savage fierceness ;



his grey hair was cut short, excepting one lock, which had been allowed to grow long behind ; and what gave peculiar interest to his person and character was the circumstance of his being blind. The facts connected with the original of this blindness were remarkable. He had long withstood the Gospel, and refused to acknowledge the sanctity of the Sabbath, even after the authorities of the island had commanded its observance. One Sabbath morning, in contempt of the day, he went to work in his garden. On returning to his house, he became blind in a moment. He was dreadfully alarmed ; his neighbors ran to his assistance ; but an invisible hand was upon him, and had for ever closed up his eyes from seeing the sun. But the same hand, we may believe, opened the eyes of his understanding by the stroke which destroyed the light of the body ; he immediately concluded that this affliction was a judgment upon him for disobeying, against strong, though long-resisted internal convictions, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. His countrymen were under the same impressions. He humbled himself in the dust, confessed his sins and

mourned over them, abjured idolatry, and embraced the religion of Jesus, which had already triumphed over almost every other heart in the island except his own. His subsequent conduct proved conformable to his solemn profession as a Christian.



## TUAHINE.

IN a letter from the Rev. Mr. Orsmond, a missionary in the South Seas, he gives the following interesting account:—

A short time since a young man, named Tuahine, came loitering about my house in an unusual way. Knowing him to be one of the baser sort, I said, “Friend, have you any business with me?” Tears gushed into his eyes—he could at first scarcely speak—at length he replied, “You know I am a wicked man. Shame covers my face and holds me back. To-day I have broken through all fear I want to know, is there room for me? can I expect mercy?” I said, “How came you to have such a thought as that?” His

countenance was suffused with a blush, tears started from his eyes, and he went on to say, "I was at work, putting up my garden fence. It was a long hard work, and only myself to do it. All over dirt and greatly wearied, I sat down on a little bank to rest, and said within myself, I cannot tell why, 'All this great garden and death for my soul; all this great property and death for ever! Oh, what shall I do?' I went immediately and bathed; then went to my wife, and told her my thoughts and wishes; she agreed to my desire, and we, on that evening, left our work, and came to this place where the word of God lives, and I have been wishing to speak to you ever since." I was quite affected to hear his tale, gave him all the instruction and encouragement which I thought the scriptures warranted, and am happy to say that the man continues to live happily and worthy of the Gospel.

## CUPIDO.

CUPIDO, a Hottentot, was remarkable for swearing, lying, fighting, and drunkenness; vices which often injured his health, and laid him on a sick bed. At such times he resolved on reformation; but when health was restored, he forgot his vows. He was sometimes afraid of God, though he knew little of him, and often thought that his sins would prove his destruction. He was, in the good providence of God, led to Graaf Reinet, where he heard the missionary Vanderlingen declare that Christ Jesus, the Son of God, could save sinners from their iniquity and from hell. He said within himself, "That is what I want! that is what I want!" He went to the missionaries to tell them his desire to become acquainted with this Jesus; and told all he met that he had at last found one who could save him from his sins. A sermon from Dr. Vanderkemp was still farther blessed to his soul, and he became not only a believer in Christ, but an eminently devoted and successful missionary, in calling

on his fellow countrymen to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.



### BASAK.

BASAK, one of the Hottentot servants, who attended the late Rev. John Campbell in his journey into the interior of South Africa, evinced an earnest concern to bring his poor ignorant countrymen to an acquaintance with the truths from which he had himself derived much benefit. In addressing a mixed company of Hottentots, slaves, and bushmen, he gave a very striking and rational description of the effect of religion on his mind, and of his transition from brute fearlessness to religious courage. "Before the missionaries came to us," said he, "we were as ignorant of every thing as you now are. I thought that I was the same as a beast; that when I died there would be an end of me; but after I heard them, I found that I had a soul that must be happy or miserable for ever. Then I became



afraid to die. I was afraid to take a gun into my hand, lest it should kill me, or to meet a serpent, lest it should bite me. I was afraid then to go to the hills to hunt lions or elephants, lest they should devour me. But when I heard of the Son of God having come into the world to die for sinners, all that fear went away. I took my gun again, and without fear of death, went to hunt lions, tigers, and elephants. You soon shall have opportunity to be taught the same things."



## AFRICANER.

ONE of the most extraordinary instances of the power of Divine grace furnished in the annals of Christian missions, is that of Africaner, for many years a chief among the Namaquas, a tribe of people in South Africa. He was long engaged in plundering the neighboring tribes, destroyed two missionary settlements, and committed murder. Such was the character of Africaner, of whom one of the missionaries wrote, "Soldiers are sent, who, it is

hoped, will succeed in ridding the country of such a monster, whom neither religion nor government can restrain, or subdue." When the late Rev. John Campbell visited Africa, in 1812, he wrote a conciliatory letter to this man, asking him to allow the missionaries to return to one of the stations which he had destroyed. After awhile he permitted this, and the preaching and conversation of the missionary had such an effect, that Africaner one day said to him, "I am glad that I am delivered. I have long enough been engaged in the service of the devil; but now I am free from his bondage. Jesus hath delivered me; him will I serve, and with him will I abide." Other natives were converted to God, who united with him in the formation of a Christian church.

When Mr. Campbell visited Africa the second time, he thus wrote to his friends in England:—

"Africaner, of whom you have often heard, was the man of whom I was most afraid when in that country before, in consequence of the multitude of plunders in which he was engaged. There was a Griqua captain, of a

different tribe, between whom and Africaner there were frequent battles. Both of these are now converted to the Christian faith. Africaner, as an act of kindness to Mr. Moffat, when it was found that it would not be suitable to Mr. and Mrs. Moffat to go to reside near him, travelled with his people a journey of six days across Africa, to convey Mr. Moffat's books and furniture to Lattakoo. Formerly he had gone as far to attack Berend. On this occasion Africaner and Berend met together in my tent, and united in singing praises to the God of peace, together bowing their knees at the throne of grace! And when I recollected the enmity that had formerly existed between them, compared with what I then saw, tears of joy flowed from my eyes. O, my friends, after the conversion of Africaner and Berend, let a man be as wicked as he may, despair not of his conversion; for the grace of God is infinite."

It is pleasing to add, that to the day of his death, Africaner maintained the character of a consistent and useful Christian.

## INDIANS.



### THE PRAYING INDIAN MOTHER.

No country in the world owes more gratitude to Christian missions than our own. Our history, from first to last is a history of missionary triumphs. "Dr. Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*" presents to us a variety of striking facts connected with the earliest events in connection with the Indians, the aborigines of our land, with which our fathers became acquainted; here is one of them which goes to show that some even of those who are unacquainted with the way of salvation by the Lord Jesus, may yet have some "feeling after God." Such persons usually prove "a people prepared of the Lord," and receive the Gospel as soon as it is presented to them.

PAMMEHANUIT, an Indian of high rank, on Martha's vineyard, and his wife, buried in

regular succession their first five children, each of them within ten days of its birth, and this notwithstanding all their use of *powaws* and of medicines to preserve them. In 1638, a few years before the English first settled on the vineyard, they had a sixth child born to them, a son. The mother was greatly perplexed with fear lest they should lose this child also ; and utterly despairing of the result of any former means for the preservation of his life, as soon as she was able, with an anxious heart she took up her child, and went into the fields to weep. While she was thinking of the insufficiency of all human help, it was powerfully suggested to her mind that there was an Almighty God to be prayed to ; that this God created the world, gave being to herself and her child, and that he was able to continue the child's life. Under this conviction, she asked this Great Being for his preservation, and promised to train this child, as far as she knew, for his service.

A short time after this the English settled in the neighborhood, and the Indians who had been present at some of their meetings reported that the man who spake among them



often looked up. This poor woman at once thought that assemblies were for prayers, and that these prayers must be addressed to that very God whom she had asked for the life of her child. She soon found this was really the fact when Mr. Mayhew preached to the Indians. She readily and cordially embraced the Gospel, and in the confession she made before her admission into the church, she showed how God had prepared her heart to receive the Gospel. Her child, whose name was *Japhet*, lived to be an eminently useful minister of Christ; became the pastor of an Indian church on Martha's vineyard, and zealously extended his successful labors among other Indians on the main land.



#### A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

THE following interesting narrative was given by an Indian named Johannes, who became one of the missionaries of the United Brethren, in this country :—

Brethren, I have been a heathen, and have grown old amongst them; therefore I know

very well how it is with the heathen, and how they think. A preacher once came to us, desiring to instruct us ; and began by proving to us that there was a God. On which we said to him, “ Well, and dost thou think that we are ignorant of that ? Now go back again to the place from whence thou camest.”

Then, again, another preacher came, and began to instruct us, saying, “ You must not steal, nor drink too much, nor lie, nor lead wicked lives.” We answered him, “ Fool that thou art, dost thou think that we do not know that ? Go, and learn it first thyself, and teach the people whom thou belongest to, not to do these things. For who are greater drunkards, or thieves, or liars, than thine own people ?” Thus we sent him away also.

Sometime after this, Christian Henry, one of the Brethren, came to me into my hut, and sat down by me. The contents of his discourse to me were nearly these :—“ I come to thee in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends me to acquaint thee, that he would gladly save thee, and make thee happy, and deliver thee from the miserable state in which thou liest at present. To this

end he became a man, gave his life a ransom for man, and he shed his blood for man. All that believe in the name of this Jesus, obtain the forgiveness of sin. To all them that receive him by faith, he giveth power to become the sons of God. The Holy Spirit dwelleth in their hearts, and they are made free, through the blood of Christ, from the slavery and dominion of sin. And though thou art the chief of sinners, yet if thou prayest to the Father in his name, and believest in him as a sacrifice for thy sins, thou shalt be heard and saved, and he will give thee a crown of life, and thou shalt live with him in heaven for ever."

When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board in my hut, fatigued by his journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I thought within myself, What manner of man is this? There he lies, and sleeps so sweetly; I might kill him, and throw him into the forest, and who would regard it? But he is unconcerned. This cannot be a bad man; he fears no evil, not even from us, who are so savage; but sleeps comfortably, and places his life in our hands.

However, I could not forget his words; they constantly recurred to my mind; even though I went to sleep, I dreamed of the blood which Christ had shed for us. I thought, This is very strange, and quite different to what I have ever heard. But I went and interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians.

Thus through the grace of God an awakening took place among us. I tell you, therefore, brethren, preach to the heathen, Christ and his blood, and his sufferings, and his death, if you would have your words to gain entrance among them,—if you wish to confer a blessing upon them.”



## AN INDIAN CONJUROR.

AMONG the many converts which the ministry of the excellent David Brainerd, a missionary to the Indians in this country, brought to Christ, was a man who had been a most notorious sinner, a drunkard, a murderer, and a conjuror; but who at length became an il-

lustrious trophy of the power and the riches of Divine grace. He lived near the forks of Delaware, and occasionally attended Mr. Brainerd's ministry; but for a time, like many others of the Indians, was not at all reformed by the instructions which he received. About that very time he murdered a promising young Indian, and he still followed his old trade as a conjuror, being held in high reputation among his countrymen. So much was this the case, that when Mr. Brainerd told them of the miracles of Christ, and represented these as a proof of his Divine Mission, and of the truth of his religion, they immediately mentioned the wonders of the same kind which this man had wrought by his magical charms. As he was, in this manner, a powerful obstruction to the progress of the Gospel among the Indians, Mr. Brainerd often thought it would be a great mercy if God were to remove him out of the world, for he had little or no hope that so wicked a man would ever himself be converted. But He whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, was pleased to take a more gracious and a more effectual method of removing the difficulty.



Having been impressed by witnessing the baptism of Mr. Brainerd's interpreter, he followed him to Crosweeksung, shortly after, and continued there several weeks during the season of the most remarkable and powerful awakening of the Indians. He was there brought under deep concern for his soul.

His convictions of his sinfulness and misery became by degrees more deep, and the anguish of his mind was so increased, that he knew not what to do, or whither to turn. Soon after this, indeed, he became more calm; but yet, in his own apprehension, he had little or no ground to hope for mercy. Mr. Brainerd conversed with him, and said he scarcely ever saw a person more completely weaned from dependence on his own endeavors for salvation, or lying more humbly at the feet of sovereign mercy, than this poor Indian conjuror. He continued for several days to pronounce sentence of condemnation on himself; yet it was evident that he began to have a secret hope of forgiveness, though, probably, it was imperceptible to himself. During this time, he repeatedly inquired of Mr. Brainerd when he would preach again. On being asked

why he wished to hear the word of God, seeing that, according to his own account, "his heart was dead, and all was done for ever;" he replied, "Notwithstanding that, I love to hear about Christ." "But," said Mr. Brainerd, "what good can that do you, if you must go to hell at last?" "I would have others," replied he, "come to Christ, if I must go to hell myself."

After continuing in this state of mind upwards of a week, he obtained such a view of the excellency of Christ, and of the way of salvation through him, that he burst into tears, and was filled with admiration, and gratitude, and praise. From that time he appeared a humble, devout, affectionate Christian; serious and exemplary in his behaviour; often complaining of his want of spiritual life, yet frequently favored with the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit. Indeed, he seemed, in all respects, to possess the character and disposition of one who was "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works."

## KAIARNACK, A GREENLANDER.

It is well known that the Moravian missionaries in Greenland labored for several years without any apparent success. They seem to have thought with many in the present day, that they should first instruct the natives in the existence of God, the creation of the world, the nature of their souls, etc. ; and all this they did without exciting any degree of attention ; on the other hand, their hearers would lounge about, and talk, and laugh, or sometimes, even go to sleep. On one occasion, however, while one of these good men was occupied in translating the Gospels, he was visited by a number of these savages, who were desirous of knowing the contents of the book. He began an address to them by giving them some general scriptural information, and then gradually slid into an account of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus ; reading to them the account of his agony, and speaking at length of the anguish which made him sweat great drops of blood.

Now began the Spirit of God to work.

One of these men, named Kaiarnack, stepped forward to the table, and said, in an earnest and affecting tone, "How was that? Tell me that once more; for I would fain be saved too!" Never had such language been heard from a Greenlander before. A full statement of the Gospel was now given, and this man became indeed converted to Christ, and was eminently useful. A change took place in the general character of the preaching of the brethren, and their subsequent success is well known.

"The cross once seen, is death to every vice."





